

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

Vol. 13. No. 10.

DODGE CITY, KANSAS, JUNE 28, 1888.

\$1 Per Year.

CHEAP GROCERIES!

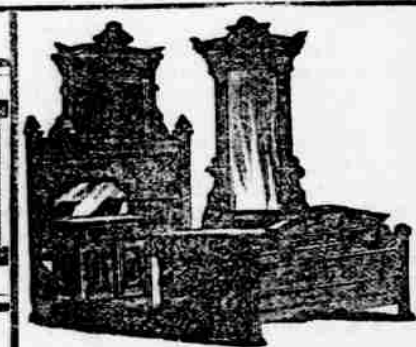
OH, NO!
We are not Dead! Only Moved,
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8 cans Sugar Corn for	1.00	12 lbs Granulated Sugar for	\$1.00
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50 lbs Atchison (Patent) Flour for	1.50	13 lbs York State Apples for	1.00
1 lb Basket Fired Japan for	.40	8 lbs Evaporated Apples for	1.00
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1 lb Lion Coffee for	.22	5 lbs Roasted Coffee for	1.00
And other things correspondingly low.		8 cans (Kraft & W.) Tomatoes for	1.00

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EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

Edited by Rev. B. F. Powelson, A. M.

ALWAYS LEARNING.

"Always learning, trying to rise,
Time is precious, quickly it flies."
And thus we would have our pupils sing. But, teachers, we can well make the same our song. No teacher will succeed unless he or she is at the same time a good student. In this day of enlightenment, no person will succeed in any sphere of life or business unless he is a close student. He who neglects careful study and a practical application of facts and principles that are being constantly developed, must be content with an indeterminate blending with mediocre men, or even with a falling behind those whose work is barely recognized.

The question is no doubt a pertinent one, who of us have possession of a healthful and commendable zeal to succeed, to occupy a higher station this year than last, to accomplish more for the good of the cause of education? There are certain persons whose business is to note the standing of the teachers, and they tell us that some make no advancement, that their general average in standing has not been improved. Some of these teachers are not doing themselves justice. They are retained because of their social standing, or because they possess naturally an aptness to teach. Such persons ought to go upward in the scale. But school officers would do well to insist upon improvement in grade, and the non-employment of such as keep not abreast with the line of advance would prove a wholesome incentive. And some ought not to be employed at all. Their motives are simply to benefit themselves. And so they can get any grade in certificate, they are satisfied. They are mere attachments to the profession, no honor to it, but rather bring it into disrepute. Much is this course to be condemned when the parties are well able to fit themselves for better grades in certificates.

Ford county has in general a good class of teachers and good schools. But let there be advancement all along the line. Let the aim of teachers, officers and patrons be higher. We need a healthier sentiment in favor of education. The great tendency in this rushing western world is to have everything to turn to money-making. And this is terribly mingled with selfishness. We must aim to subvert this. Let us supplant it with a generous effort to benefit others. And let us see that our pupils or students have the right ideas. See that their motive for seeking an education are good and ennobling. We most cheerfully commend the succeeding article on this special phase of the subject to the perusal and thorough study of our readers. With special education facilities we ought to set up a high standard of education both in purpose and results.

THE BETTER MOTIVE.

JOAN STEWART.

It is common to hear men say, "I want my children to have a good, practical education, that will help them get along in the world." To take care of one's self is certainly a laudable undertaking, and only he who does it can ever amount to anything in this world; but the idea that money-making is the sold object in this life, that a man's success may be measured by dollars and cents should be erased from the minds of children. The value of an education should be measured by its powers to increase the happiness of him who possesses it, and the ability it gives him to add to that of others. That should be called a practical education which opens men's eyes to the beauty which surrounds the poorest as well as the richest; which teaches us to look up in reverence to the Creator of an universe in which man, wonderful as he is, is only an atom. He who with little money in his purse has learned to respect his own manhood, who walks among men with his mind filled with pure and upright thoughts, finds more true happiness in life than the owner of mines of wealth, whose only happiness lies in the fact of their possession.

It is in the early education of children that they must be taught the true basis of happiness, the true end of life. Now as in the time of Pope is happiness "our being's end and aim," but the majority of men fail in finding it because they seek it in their surroundings and not within themselves. Think how low an estimate is placed on the

soul and mind, when toil is directed only to the end of caring for the body, in feeding it dainty viands, and dressing it in rich clothing. How abased it should make the thinking man feel, to find his standing among men depending not on himself, but upon the clothes that he wears! Yet children all over our land are learning to measure life by just such a standard. Even the ministers from the pulpits declare the good man may not be happy here, but he will receive his reward after death! The good man will be happier here if he has learned that right-living, pure thinking, a mind broadened, a soul purified, are the true ends of life.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

See the maiden-mother mild
Bending o'er her first-born child,
With that sad, sweet face!
Is it blessedness, or pain,
Joy her heart can scarce contain,
Or a dark, foreboding dread
Of some harm to that dear head,
That she there may trace?

Could she with the sacred seers
Pierce the secrets of the years,
Would she, for that son,
With a mother's yearning, pray
That the cup might pass away,
Or for him accept the scorn,
Cruel scourging, nail, and thorn,
With—"Thy will be done!"

Hear the cradle-song she sings,
To the lowly King of kings!
How the sweet tones thrill:
"Sweetly sleep, O son of mine,
Mystery of love divine!
Hope of all the aged, thou,
Let no troubles cloud thy brow!
Sleep, nor dream of ill!"

Maiden-mother, sinless son,
Mortal and immortal one,
Heaven to earth brought nigh;
Thou above all women blest,
Mary, mother, guard his rest!
Jesus, Savior, who dost take
Here our likeness, may we wake
In thine own on high!
—Selected.

The Cooper Memorial college, Sterling, Kansas, closed its first academic year on last Friday. The catalogue just issued shows that 30 students were in attendance. Those in charge of it will vigorously push forward the work, in hopes of a successful second years work.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is firmly and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of \$50 with Van Perkins that you would say no to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of suicide and won the lifelong respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."—Chicago Tribune.

Justice Duffy, of New York, believes in the power of fear as a means of correction. Last year he had a 10-year-old boy before him charged with disobedience to his mother. The judge gazed at the youthful offender in a ferocious manner and ordered him to stand back so that one might see him plainly. The boy did so, trembling with fear.

"You ungrateful wretch!" thundered the judge. You highway robber! You braggadocio! You swashbuckler!" This was too much for the youth and he began to cry.

"You bandit!" continued the judge. "Go home and behave yourself!"

The boy went, and, to all accounts, has been a model son ever since.

A Seventh street widower, whose wife had been the head of the family, ordered a tombstone for her, and left it to the good taste of the cutter to put some comforting inscription on the marble, besides the name and date. When the stone was put up he went out with the builder to see it. It looked very handsome, and across the base were the consoling words, "Thy Will Be Done."

"Well," asked the builder, "what do you think of it?"

"First rate in every way," was the pleased reply.

"And the inscription, is that all right?"

The widower gazed at it tenderly for a moment.

"Well I should smile," he said; "that's just the kind of a woman she was to a dot."—Washington Critic.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN BEER CITY.

Beer City was at the time ten days old, and, strange to say, they had not started a grave yard, but it had been the talk of the town to start one for some time. The city consisted of 9 saloons, 2 dance houses and a deserted sod house built by the first settler of that part of the Neutral Strip, but having become discouraged had pulled his freight for other climes.

The population of the town was, for the most part, a floating one, and those that were old citizens believed in floating the others in beer. There were the proprietors of the saloons, the general amount of loungers, the gamblers and speculators and never-to-be-forgotten dancing girls, making in all about 50.

As I said before the town was ten days old and not a man killed, and the people began to get restless and loquacious as the excitement of building the town died out, and nothing occurred to kill the monotony of the place except a few fist fights each day. Bronco Bill, Larlet Luke and several others could be seen during the day looking hollow-eyed and forlorn. On the 10th day of the town's existence Territory Tom's bile began to flow in torrents from his bile ducts, and he attempted to neutralize it with corn juice and beer, but to no purpose, for the more he mixed it the larger his gall bladder grew until he became desperate. At about 10 p. m. he caressed Shooting Shorty on the head with a 52 Colts, which laid him up for repairs. This started the ball rolling and he followed it up by shooting in amongst the dancers which captured the fort, but in a few minutes he became lonesome and also wished for new fields to conquer, and he sallied forth into the night, and the middle of the road. Up to this time the inhabitants had forgiven him as his revolver and boots were new that day and they reckoned he had a right to try them both, and his boots would be a dead loss as nobody in town except the girls could wear them, but a man can not impose upon the kindness of a cowboy who has not shot at a man in ten days.

So you see Territory Tom was treading upon an explosive volcano in the shape of the reputation of the citizen of Beer City. At just 11:30 p. m. T. Tom made a gun play at Bronco Bill which relieved said Bill of a lock of hair and ventilated his hat. Almost simultaneously there was a report like the rolling of thunder, and Mr. T. Tom was seen to gasp the air and fall in a heap on the ground. A murmur as of distant thunder could be heard in all parts of town, and every citizen came to view the remains. After the good citizens had viewed and made remarks about the corpse it was discovered that the town had no city officials, and a body which was to hold such a distinguished place in the history of Beer City, must have the proper authorities to look after it. So the only small boy in town was sent to notify each male citizen of the town, to proceed to the Yellow Snake dance house for the purpose of electing city officers. In less than ten minutes every male citizen that was able to lift a paper the size of an election ticket, or make a noise loud enough to be heard two inches from his vocal organs, was at the Yellow Snake.

The meeting was called to order by Larlet Luke, and Neutral Nick was elected secretary as he was once tried for shooting a man and knew how things should be done in an orderly meeting. The president pro tem asked the gentlemen to disarm as this was an important occasion in the history of Beer City, and everything was to be done in order.

A look of suspicion swept over the faces of the audience but after some remarks were made by several, every man walked forward and presented his arms except Hickory Hank, who refused, but after he was tied hand and foot and a noose around his neck he thought better of it and agreed to do as requested.

Order was once more restored and Mr. L. Luke addressed the meeting in the following words:

"Feller citizens and men and wimen:

This important meeting is called ter take axion on the killen of Territory Tom, an to see that he is properly planted and ter erect a committee to see that the thing is done up brown and a cor'ner should be chused, I mention Bronco Bill as being the prop-

er bloke to look after the corpse."

A loud cheer burst from the throats of the assembly, and Bronco Bill who had by this time recovered from the shock of his nervous system, mounted a whiskey barrel, but it immediately tipped over with him and he remained where he fell and went to sleep. Neutral Nick then addressed the meeting in a squeaky voice suggestive of an Arkansan.

"You blocks as has no business to talk will button up your lip while I make a few remarks. This outfit has been here ten days and as yet has no ma'er. I appoint Mexico Mike ma'er for be an't good for nothing else. Now if ye have all had your say, the cor'ner will bring in the corps and proceed to set on it."

Nobody disputed his word as he had the name of "a bad man" and had a shooting look in his eye. The body was brought in, and by the direction of Neutral Nick five jurors were appointed, and the medical man who had been sent for had arrived and was prepared to examine the body, which was stripped and a guard placed over the clothing. It was found that five bullets and fifty buckshot had struck him. Two of the bullets passing through his heart and one through each arm. The other bullet and the buck shot were scattered promiscuously over his body. The body was then redressed. During the operation of dressing many longing glances were cast at the new boots, but as a guard was placed over the body, nobody interfered.

The doctor was then examined and ten witnesses and the jurors gave verdict of death from a shot fired by some unknown party. A committee was appointed to watch the body, and the good citizens of Beer City sought their numerous beds just as the eastern sky was turning gray.

About 10 o'clock everybody was awake and dressed for a holiday, and every saloon was setting up free beer to every citizen, and at 12 m. the body was buried in a conspicuous spot on the prairie and a wooden cross placed over the grave bearing these words:

TERRETTORY TOM

1st Man Killed.

A Spectator.

—Three hundred new saloons were started in Missouri during the past year, and 812 new school houses were built in Kansas during the same time. Persons seeking new homes can take their choice. Those who want the school houses will be welcome, but those who want the saloons will find more congenial company in "Poor old Missouri."—Ex.

—Nebraska is being run over by grasshoppers. Northern Iowa and western Illinois reports the appearance of the 17 year locusts. The northern part of Indiana and southern Michigan and eleven counties in Wisconsin and about half of Pennsylvania, Professor C. V. Liley, U. S. entomologist, says will be visited by locusts this season. He thinks they will not do as much damage as they did between the years of 73 and 74.

A newspaper should be run for the profit of the publisher largely; for the good of its own town largely; for the good of truth always; for justice and fairness altogether. The newspaper run for the sake of personal pique or spite will ultimately fail. The newspaper run on the principle of "boodle" will fail. The newspaper kept up by bonuses will never be a newspaper. In short a newspaper should make its own revenue, and give the news. Which brings one around somewhere near Horace Greeley's notion.

Each farmer should provide himself with an extra hoe or two this season, and make every candidate who comes along "take a row" with him while discussing election matters. The farmer who sits on the fence to discuss politics this year will not be entitled to sympathy if his crop is short in the fall. Besides, the candidate will no doubt fairly yearn for an opportunity to show his appreciation of the honesty of the farmer's work by taking a hand himself. Have an extra hoe handy, for the candidate is sure to be around.

—The wheat crop in Lane county bids fair to be a bonanza for the farmers. There is in the neighborhood of 4,000 acre sown, and the yield is now being estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 bushels. With this the farmers can have plenty for winter.